

THE WOODVILLE REPUBLICAN, AND WILKINSON ADVERTISER.

H. S. VAN EATON, Editor.

"THE UNION OF THE DEMOCRACY FOR THE SAKE OF THE UNION."

OWEN S. KELLY, Publisher.

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PORTIAL.

[From the N. O. Delta. Not originally written for the Delta, but written four years ago, by A. T. Peconneur, and the music composed by Steven Glover.]

HOPE AND THE ROSE.

"Who shall die first?" whispered Hope to the

rose.

"Who shall sink earlier into the grave?"

I, by my fleetness, or thou by thy sweetness,

Which of the two is the future to save?

I, by betraying, or thou by decaying,

Who shall sleep first in eternal repose?

Soon shall we sever, or live we forever,

Who shall die first?" whispered Hope to the

rose.

"I," said the flower, "tho' sweet in my bloom-

ing,

Soon will my loveliness wither and die—

Lives that are sweetest are ever the fleetest,

Hours most happy, most rapidly fly;

But Hope dieth never—it liveth forever—

Enchantment around the young bosom it

throws;

In smiling or weeping, Hope never sleeps;

I shall die first," said the beautiful rose;

"I shall die first," said the beautiful rose.

The rose was mistaken—its dwelling forsaken

Hope and its promises died in the heart.

The love it desired had falsely expired,

Fated, in faithfulness soon to depart!

The sweet-scented flower still graces the bower,

And there, in its loveliness, gracefully blows—

Its beauties displaying, it lives undecaying,

To tell the sad story of Hope and the rose,

To tell the sad story of Hope and the rose.

The Old Man's Story.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

I shall never forget the commencement of the temperance reformation. I was a child at the time of some ten years of age. Our home had every comfort, and my parents idolized me and my child. Wine was often on the table, and both my father and mother frequently gave it to me in the bottom of the morning glass.

One Sunday at church, an astounding announcement was made to our people. I know nothing of its purport, but there was much whispering among the men. The pastor said that on the next evening there would be a meeting and an address on the evils of intemperance in the use of alcoholic drinks. He expressed himself ignorant of the objects of the meeting and could not say what course would be best to pursue in the matter.

The subject of the meeting came up at our table after the service, and I questioned my father about it with all the curious eagerness of a child. The whispers and words which had been dropped in my hearing, clothed the whole affair with a great mystery to me, and I was all eagerness to learn the strange thing. My father merely said it was some scheme to amuse church and state.

The night came, and groups of people gathered on the tavern steps, and I heard the jest and the laugh, and saw drunken men come reeling out of the bar-room. I urged my father to let me go, but he first refused. Finally thinking it would be an innocent gratification of my curiosity, he put on his hat, and we passed across the green to the church. I remember well how the people appeared as they came in, seeming to wonder what kind of an exhibition was to come off.

In the corner was the tavern-keeper, and around him a number of friends. For an hour the people of the place continued to come in until there was a fair house full. All were curiously watching at the door wondering what would appear next. The pastor stole in and looked a seat behind a pillar under the gallery as if doubtful of the propriety of being in church at all.

Two men finally came in and went to the altar and took their seats. All eyes were fixed upon them, and a general stillness prevailed throughout the house.

The men were unlike in appearance, one being short, thick set in his build, the other tall and well formed. The younger had the manner and dress of a clergyman, a full round face and a quiet good natured look, as he leisurely looked around over the audience.

But my childish interest was all in the old man. His broad, deep chest, and unusual height looked giant-like as he strode slowly up the aisle. His hair was white, his brow deeply

some mouth, lines of calm and touching sadness. His eyes were black and restless and kindled as the tavern-keeper uttered a low jest aloud. His lips were compressed, and a crimson flush went and came over his pale cheek. One arm was off above the elbow, and their was a wide scar over his right eye.

The younger finally arose and stated the object of the meeting, and asked if there was a clergyman to open it with a prayer.

Our pastor kept his seat, and the speaker himself made a short prayer, and then made a short address, at the conclusion calling upon any one present to make remarks. The pastor rose under the gallery, and attacked the positions of the speaker, using the arguments which I have often heard since, and concluded by denouncing those engaged in the new movement, as meddlesome fanatics, who wished to break up the time honored usages of good society, and injure the business of respectable men. At the conclusion of his remarks, the tavern-keeper and his friends got up a cheer, and the current of feeling was evidently against the strangers and their plan.

While the pastor was speaking, the old man had fixed his dark eyes upon him, and leaned forward as if to catch every word.

As the pastor took his seat the old man arose, his tall form towering its symmetry and his chest swelling as he inhaled his breath through his thin, dilated nostrils. To me, at the time, there was something awe-inspiring and grand in the old man as he stood with his full eye upon the audience, his teeth shut hard, and a silence like that of death throughout the church.

He bent his gaze upon the tavern-keeper, and that peculiar eye lingered and kindled for half a moment.

The scar grew red upon his forehead and beneath the heavy eyebrows his eyes glittered and glowed like a serpent's. The tavern-keeper quailed before that searching glance and I felt a relief when the old man withdrew his gaze.

For a moment he seemed lost in thought, and then in a low and tremulous tone commenced. There was a depth in that voice, a thrilling pathos and sweetness which riveted every heart in the house before the first period had been rounded. My father's attention had become fixed on the eye of the speaker with an interest which I had never before seen him exhibit. I can but briefly remember the substance of what the old man said, though the scene is as vivid before me, as any that I ever witnessed.

"My friends! I am a stranger in your village and I trust I may call you friends. A new star has arisen, and there is hope in the dark night which hangs like a pall of gloom over our country." With a thrilling depth of voice the speaker looked his hands together and continued: "Oh! God, thou who lookest with compassion upon the most erring of earth's children, I thank thee that a brazen serpent has been lifted, upon which the drunkard can look and be healed; that a beacon has burst out upon the darkness that surrounds him, which shall guide back to Heaven the bruised and weary wanderer."

It is strange what power there is in some voices. The speaker's voice was low and measured, but a fear trembled in every tone; and before I knew why, a tear dropped upon my hand, followed by others like rain drops. The old man brushed one from his own eyes and continued:

"Men and Christians! You have just heard that I am a vagrant and a fanatic. I am not. As God knows my own sad heart, I came here to do good. Hear me and be just."

"I am an old man, standing alone at the end of life's journey. There is a deep sorrow in my heart and tears in my eyes. I have journeyed over a dark and beclouded ocean, and all life's hopes have been wrecked. I am without friends, home or kindred on earth, and look with longing to the rest of the night of death. Without friend, kindred or home! It was not so once!"

No one could withstand the touching pathos of the old man. I noticed a tear trembling on the lid of my father's eye, and I no more felt ashamed of my own.

"No my friends, it was not so once. Away over the dark waves which wrecked my hopes, there is the blessed light of happiness and home. I reach again convulsively for the shrines of the household idols that once were mine, now mine no more."

The old man seemed looking away through fancy upon some bright vision, his lips apart and his fingers extended. I voluntarily turned in the direction where it was pointed, dreading to see some shadow invoked by its magic movements.

"Once had a mother. With her old heart crushed with sorrows, she went down to her grave. I once had a wife, a fair, angel-beatified creature as ever smiled in an earthly home. Her eyes as mild as a summer sky, and her heart as faithful and true as ever guarded and cherished a husband's love. Her blue eyes grew dim as the floods of sorrow washed away its brightness, and the living heart I wrung until every fibre was broken. I once had a noble, a brave, and beautiful boy but he was driven out from the ruins of his home, and my old heart yearns to know if he yet lives. I once had a babe; a sweet tender blossom, but these hands destroyed it and it liveth with one who loveth children."

"Do not be startled friends—I am not a murderer in the common acceptance of the term. Yet there is light in my evening sky. A spirit mother rejoices over the return of her prodigal son. The wife smiles upon him who again turns back to virtue and honor. The child visits me at nightfall, and I feel the hallowing touch of a tiny palm upon my feverish cheek. My brave boy, if he lives, would forgive the sorrowing old man for the treatment which drove him into the world,

and the blow that maimed him for life. God forgive me for the ruin I have brought upon me and mine."

He again wiped a tear from his eye. My father watched him with a strange intensity, and a countenance unusually pale and excited by some strong emotion.

"I was once a fanatic, and madly followed the malignant light which followed me to ruin. I was a fanatic when I sacrificed my wife and children, happiness and home, to the accursed demon of the bowl. I once adored the gentle being whom I injured so deeply."

"I was a drunkard. From respectability and affluence, I plunged into degradation and poverty. I dragged my family down with me. For years I saw her cheek pale, and her step grow weary. I left her amid the wreck of her home idols, and rioted at the tavern. She never complained, yet she and the children went hungry for bread."

"One New Year's Night, I returned late to the hut where charity had given us roof. She was yet up, and shivering over the coals. I demanded food, but she burst into tears and told me there was none. I fiercely ordered her to get some. She turned her eyes sadly upon me, the tears falling fast upon her pale cheek. At this moment the child in its cradle awoke and sent up a furnished wail, starting the despairing mother like a serpent's sting."

"We have no food, James—have had none for several days. I have nothing for the babe. My once kind husband, must we starve?"

"That sad pleading face and those streaming eyes and the feeble wail of the child, maddened me, and I—yes, I struck her a fierce blow in the face, and she fell forward on the hearth. The furies of hell boiled in my bosom, and with deeper intensity as I felt I had committed a wrong. I had never struck Mary before, but now some terrible impulse bore me on, and I stooped down as well as I could in my drunken state and clenched both hands in her hair."

"God of Mercy, James!" exclaimed my wife, as she looked up in my fiendish countenance, you will not kill us—you will not harm Willie," and she sprang to the cradle and grasped him in her embrace. I caught her again by the hair and dragged her to the door, and as I lifted the latch the wind burst in with a cloud of snow. With the yell of a fiend, I still dragged her on and hurled her into the darkness and storm. With a wild ha! ha! I closed the door and turned the button, her pleading moans mingling with the wail of the blast and sharp cry of her babe. But my work was not yet complete."

I turned to the little bed where lay my older son, and snatched him from his slumbers, and against his half-awakened struggles, opened the door and thrust him out. In the agony of fear, he called me by a name I was no longer fit to bear, and locked his fingers in my side pocket. I could not wrench that frenzied grasp away, and with the coolness of the devil, as I was, shut the door upon the arm, and with my knife, severed it at the wrist."

The speaker ceased a moment and buried his face in his hands as if to shut out some fearful dream, and his deep chest heaved like a storm-swept sea. My father had arisen from his seat, and was leaning forward, his countenance bloodless, and the large drops standing upon his brow. Chills crept back to my young heart, and I wished I was at home. The old man looked up, and I never have since believed such mortal agony pictured upon a human face as there was on his.

"It was morning when I awoke, and the storm had ceased, but the cold was intense. I first secured a drink of water, and then looked in the accustomed place for Mary. As I missed her, for the first time a shadowy sense of some horrible nightmare began to dawn upon my wandering mind. I thought I had a fearful dream, but involuntarily opened the outside door with a shuddering dread. As the door opened the snow burst in, followed by the fall of something across the threshold scattering the snow, and striking the floor with a sharp, bad sound. My blood shot like red-hot arrows through my veins, and I rubbed my eyes to shut out the sight. It was it! O! God, how horrible! It was my own injured Mary and her babe, frozen to ice! The ever true mother had bowed herself over the child to shield it, and wrapped her clothing around it leaving her own person stark and bare to the storm. She had placed her hair over the face of the child, and the frost had frozen it to the white cheek. The frost was white in its half-open eyes and upon his tiny fingers. I know not what became of my brave boy."

Again the old man bowed his head and wept, and all that were in the house wept with him. My father sobbed like a child. In tones of low and heart-broken pathos, the old man concluded:

"I was arrested and for long months I raved in delirium. I awoke, was sentenced to prison for ten years, but no tortures could have been like those I endured within my own bosom. Oh, God, no!—I am not a fanatic. I am not a fanatic. I wish to injure no one. But while I live, let me strive to warn others not to enter the path which has been so dark and fearful a one to me. I would see my wife and children beyond this vale of tears."

The old man sat down, but a spell as deep and strong as that wrought by some wizard's breath, rested upon the audience. Hearts could have been heard in their beating, and tears to fall. The old man then asked the people to sign the pledge. My father leaped from his seat and snatched at it eagerly. I had followed him, and as he hesitated a moment with the pen in the ink, a tear fell from the old man's eye on the paper.

"Sign it, sign it, young man. Angels would sign it. I would write my name there ten

thousand times in blood if it would bring back my loved and lost ones."

My father wrote "MORTIMER HUNSON." The old man looked, wiped his tearful eyes, and looked again, his countenance alternately flushed with a red and death-like paleness.

"It is—no, it cannot be—yet how strange," muttered the old man. "Pardon me, sir, but that was the name of my brave boy."

My father trembled and held up his left arm from which the hand had been severed. They looked for a moment in each other's eyes, both reeled and gasped—

"My own injured boy!"

"My father!"

They fell upon each others necks until it seemed that their souls would grow and mingle into one. There was weeping in that church, and I turned bewildered upon the streaming faces around me.

"Let me thank God for this great blessing which has gladdened my guilt burdened soul," exclaimed the old man, and knelt down, pouring out his heart in one of the most melting prayers I ever heard.

The spell was then broken, and all eagerly signed the pledge, slowly going to their homes as if loth to leave the spot.

The old man is dead, but the lesson he taught his grandchild on the knee, as his evening sun went down, without a cloud, will never be forgotten. His fanaticism has lost none of its fire in my manhood's heart.

Taking a seat in the car at Buffalo the other day, says the Rome Sentinel, we soon observed that a somewhat verdant, looking young man was quite uneasy about the place of his destination. He desired to stop at the first station out of Buffalo, but the conductor informed him that the train would not stop until it reached Batavia. As the train approached the station where the young man wished to land, he insisted that he would jump off. The conductor stood with his back against the door, and prevented his leaving the car. The verdant youth was boisterous, and demanded why he was not permitted to jump—"Because," said the conductor, "we have to pay for killing cattle on this road." This seemed to be perfectly satisfactory, and the young man quietly sunk into a seat till he reached Batavia, when the conductor congratulated him on having a fine ride, and informed him he could "jump."

"Ned Buntline," who is now editing the Empire City, published in New York gives the following bit of his observation of Southern and Northern negro life:

"Ethiopian Beggars.—I have seen more than twenty old and young, blind and maimed negro beggars seated about the sidewalk with labels on their breast, asking for charity, since I have been in town—in less than two weeks. During over two years residence and travel in the South and West in slave States, I have never seen a negro beggar or a black who was uncomfortably clothed. The admirers of Uncle Tom's Cabin may stare that their pipes and smoke it. There is more squalid wretchedness amongst the negroes in one block in this city than there is in the whole South."

May is considered an unfortunate marrying month. A country editor says that a girl was asked, not long since, to unite herself in the silken tie to a brick chap who named May in his proposals. The lady tenderly hinted that May was an unlucky month for marrying. "Well, make it June then," honestly replied the swain, anxiously to accommodate. The damsel paused a moment, hesitated, cast down her eyes, and with a blush, said: "Wouldn't April do as well?"

FEMALE TYPE SETTERS.—The Boston Olive Branch, on which females are employed as compositors, says:

"Our rooms are well carpeted, and the girls do not come in till 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning, retiring in good season, seldom making over seven or eight hours a day. Smart compositors can in that time earn from \$6 to \$8 a week. We have also one female clerk out of three we employ. Added to this, our desk has been occupied by a female editor as our assistant, at a salary of \$900. She has spent seven hours a day in the office, for five days in the week. We generally have in our office an organ and a piano forte, and have music at the meal hours, when the ladies feel like playing."

A VIGILANT GUARD.—The New York Tribune mentions a switch tender on a railroad, leading from that city, who was so poorly paid he had to neglect his duty and carry the passengers' baggage to earn a living. Hence for several months, accidents occurred on the road every week, until at last another man, with better pay, was employed.

TEXAS AND HER MINES OF GOLD.—For some time past there have been rumors of gold diggings being discovered in Texas, equaling in riches those of California.

These mines are said to be located upon the upper tributaries of the Colorado in a mountainous region, hitherto but little explored. Extracts from Texas papers published near the gold regions, are copied into the New Orleans journals; detailing the success of Parties who are at work in the mines. The latest news from these remote matters is a favorable light, which together with the short distance from here has created quite an excitement among our citizens, several of whom are about starting to the newly discovered Eldorado. It is not impossible that there is gold as plentiful in Texas as in California, the country being similar in almost every character and feature.

Party Spirit.

Thus far, says the Washington Union events have justified us in saying, soon after the election, that the federal spirit would continue to animate one of the great parties of the country. For the sake of disguise, it may abandon its present and assume an other name, as it has frequently done before; but it is antagonistic to progress and equality and must always, under some form or other, manifest its hostility to democratic ideas. Since their late overwhelming defeat the whigs have avoided a national struggle, and manifested but little desire to reform a national organization. In some quarters prominent whig journals have assumed a tone of moderation, and proposed a truce under the pretence that they deemed a lasting peace attainable. But while this course is pursued with regard to federal affairs, the whig party in the separate States is actively engaged in forming State organizations based on the local ideas and interests to be united hereafter when they are duly disciplined to act in concert. The whigs of Virginia have opened the canvass by throwing out a series of new issues, local in their character, with the hope of collecting all the elements of dissatisfaction. The late whig convention, called to nominate a gubernatorial candidate in Tennessee indicate in its proceedings more attachment to the old issues, if we may judge from the manner in which the speech of Hon. John Bell was received—a fact which is accounted for by the presidential vote of that State. That gentleman repudiated the idea of abandoning the old principles of the whig party, and he saw no reason for abandoning its name—though that was a secondary matter—there being, in his estimation, a prime overruling necessity for an organization to maintain the spirit of the whig ideas. Thus will it be throughout the Union. The opposition will attempt to assume the hue of each locality, and appeal to the passions of every section. In those States in which the whig organization has not been utterly destroyed, it will be adhered to with such modifications as the peculiar views prevalent in them may suggest. In other States the opposition will organize on other ideas—promising a high tariff where protection is popular—a low tariff free-trade communities—vast expenditures for internal improvements by means of river and harbor bills—or land distribution—or strict construction and economy, as the occasion may require. When these mongrel elements have acted in concert sufficiently long, a general name and more uniform rule of discipline will be adopted, in order to reform the allied forces for a national struggle. This was the course which federalism pursued after its overthrow by Gen. Jackson, and it is the natural course for it to pursue, no matter what name it assumes. As long as there are men who distrust the people who fear equality, and wish to be made rich by legislative enactments, so long will there be a feeling of bitter and resentful hostility to democratic principles, which will scruple at no artifice to make itself felt. This matter should be understood, for the time has not come for the lion and the lamb to lie down together.—Free Trader.

"BE PATIENT, BE GENTLE."—Among all the graces that adorn the Christian soul, like so many jewels of various colors and lustres, against the day of her espousals to the Lamb of God, there is not one more brilliant than patience. It is the guardian of faith, the preserver of peace, the cherisher of love, the teacher of humility. It governs the flesh, strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stifles anger, subdues pride; it bridges the tongue, refrains the hand, tramples upon temptation, endures persecution; produces unity in the church, loyalty in the State, harmony in families; comforts the poor, and moderates the rich; makes us humble in prosperity, cheerful in adversity, unmoved by calumny and reproach; teaches us to forgive those who have injured us, and to be the first in asking forgiveness of those whom we have injured; it delights the faithful and invites the unbelieving; it adorns and dignifies; is loved in all, and beautiful in all, in either sex, and every age; and there is much contained in the short precept of the dear Redeemer; in your patience possess ye your souls.

Oh God, that madest earth and sky, the darkness and the day,
Give ear to this, thy family, and help us to pray.
For wide the waves of bitterness around our vessel roar,
And heavy grows the aching heart to view the rocky shore.
The cross our Master bore for us, for Him we faint would bear,
But mortal strength to weakness turns, and courage to despair;
Have mercy on our failing, Lord! our sinking faith renew!
And when thy sorrows visit us, oh, send thy patience too.

Good Logic.—"Budder Bones can you tell me de difference between 'dying and dieting'?" "Why ob course I can Lemuel. 'When you diet you lib on noffin, and when you die you hab noffin to lib on.' 'Well, de difference from what I tort it was. I tort it was a mose atreene do docken stuf and starvation, to see which would kill fust."

"Hello, I say, what did you say your medicine would cure?" "O, it'll cure everything: head everything." "Ah, well, I'll take a bottle. Maybe it'll heal my boots; they need it bad enough."

An American lately inquiring his way to the French Senate House, was waggishly directed to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum.

Gleanings.

At the Astor House, not long ago, a gentleman saw one of the guests give his fork to another, with "just stick that fork into that potatoe for me, will you?" His neighborly neighbor did as he was requested, and left it sticking there.

Amos Wade, of North Carolina, has recovered \$6,000 damages in New York from the Fulton Ferry Company, for personal injuries, by being struck on the head by a bolt during a collision between two ferry boats.

Walter R. Danforth, Democrat, has been elected Mayor of Providence R. I.

The fowl fever is prevalent in the western part of New York. At Rochester, last Monday "one Brama Pootra crower and two hens" sold for \$1.50; chickens four weeks old, \$1; eggs, 50 cents each.

Lieut. James Watson has been ordered to the command of the United States Steamer Fulton, now fitting out at Norfolk, whence she will again sail in perhaps a week to join the Gulf squadron.

The Catholic Church at Hartford, Conn. was destroyed by fire on the 11th instant. Insurance \$3,000.

Mary Delany, convicted at Pittsburg of killing a man named Shaw, has been sent to the Penitentiary for three years.

If you would enjoy your meals be good natured. "An angry man can't tell whether he is eating boiled cabbage or stewed unlabeled."

Arthur Spring, the convicted murderer, it is stated, has changed his religious adviser, Catholic priest, for Rev. John Street, a Protestant minister.

Samuel J. Proyer, a broker in New York has been convicted of obtaining money under false pretences.

The Sand Lake Lyceum offers a premium of fifty dollars for the best poem on "the gooding trade." Here's a chance for half-baked poets such as they have not met with in years.

"I don't believe it is any use to vaccinate for small pox," said a backwoods Kerkuckian, "for I had a child vaccinated and he fell out of a window and was killed in less than a week after."

Messrs. Fairchild & Co., had \$12,000 worth of lumber destroyed by fire in their yard in Cincinnati on the 12th inst. No insurance.

At an estate sale at Ashville, N. C., negroes brought from \$1,200 to 1,250, and other property in proportion.

The shipments of specie from California from the 1st to the 15th of April were \$2,947,800.

The English commission to the New York World's Fair, headed by Lord Ellenmore, will include Sir Charles Lyell and Henry de la Beche, the distinguished geologists.

Elijah Gibson, of Deal's Island Somerset county, Maryland, was killed a few days ago in an affray with Samuel Moore, Daniel Webster and Jno. M. Horner, who had been arrested.

The Governor of Maryland has fixed upon the 8th of July next for the execution of Thomas Connor, convicted of the murder of Capt. Hatchinson.

Cal. Bernard E. Bee, formerly Secretary of War of the Republic of Texas, died recently at his residence in Pendleton, South Carolina.

The London Times states that \$600 British exhibitors, comprising the leading houses in important departments of British national industry, have sent contributions to the New York exhibition.

Strike The Knot.

When we were boys, little fellows, our father began to teach us to work, and we were anxious to perform the allotted tasks. We were splitting wood. A rough stick with a most obstinate knot, tried all the skill and strength of a weak arm, we were about to relinquish the task when father came along. He saw the piece of wood had been clipped down, and the knot lacked round, and took the axe, saying, "Always strike the knot." The words have always remained safe in memory. They are precious words brethren. Never try to shun a difficulty, but look it right in the face; catch its eye and you can subdue it as a man can a lion. It will cover before you and sneak away and hide itself. If you dread difficulties, difficulties will grow upon you till they bury you in obscurity.—California Christian Advocate.

BREAKING UP OF AN ICEBERG.—When the immense iceberg commenced to tumble to pieces and change its position in the water, the sight is really grand—perhaps one that can vie with an earthquake. Masses inconceivably great, four times the size of St. Paul's Cathedral or Westminster Abbey are submerged in the still blue water to appear again at the surface, rolling and heaving, gigantically in the swelling waves. Volumes of spray like clouds of white vapor into the air all around, and shut out the beholder from a scene too sacred for eyes not immortal. The sound that is emitted is not second to terrific peals of thunder, or the discharge of whole parks of artillery. The sea, smooth and tranquil is aroused, and oscillations travel ten, or twelve miles in every direction; and if ice should cover its surface in one entire sheet, it becomes broken up into detached pieces, in the same manner as if the swell of an expansive sea or ocean had reached it, and before a quiescent state is assumed probably two or three large icebergs occupy its place, the tons of some of which may be at an elevation of upwards of two hundred feet, hawing in the course of the revolution, turned up the blue mud from the bottom, at a depth of two or three hundred fathoms.—Scientific American.